

Fortune does not change men, it only unmarks them. One is alone in a crowd when one suffers or when one loves. He who wants to do a great deal of good at once will never do any. We finish by excusing our faults, but we always blush at our blunders. Woman's tongue is her sword, which she never lets rust. A fool's heart is in his tongue; but a wise man's tongue is in his heart. A woman's friendship is, as a rule, the legacy of love or the alms of indifference.

FACTS FOR FARMERS.

Coal-Ashes for the Dust-Box.

Though road-dust composed largely, as it is, of comminuted granite, is perhaps the most effective destroyer of vermin that can be placed in the fowl's dust-box, it sometimes happens that undue neglect on your part in securing it early, or the unexpected and peremptory setting in of winter, prevents your having any on hand, and then the next best thing must be procured as a substitute. Some recommend wood-ashes, and perhaps if it could always be kept free from moisture, it might serve the purpose; but when it becomes damp, a caustic lye is formed, injurious to the eyes, mouth and feet of the fowls, and it is therefore unfit for use, though possibly a very small portion mixed with sand, which may be attainable in every winter, would not be objectionable.

Well-Cultivated Land.

We once experimented by hauling twenty-four large loads of the best manure upon two acres of clay-land, which had been cultivated into the soil, which was somewhat lumpy. This, and the adjoining two acres, were to be sown to corn for fodder. Upon the other two acres no manure was put, but it was ploughed and cultivated till the soil, four inches deep, was as fine as the garden bed. One and a half bushels of corn were drilled per acre upon each piece, drills 16 inches apart. When this corn was in blossom and ready to cut, the unmanured two acres stood 18 inches higher than the manured piece. On selecting two sample rods in different places upon each piece, cutting the green corn, and carefully weighing it, the manured piece gave 275 pounds per rod, and the unmanured, but finely pulverized, gave 250 pounds per rod—the manured giving 22 tons per acre, and the other 23 tons per acre. The cost of extra working was \$2.50 per acre. Could there be any doubt that the extra labor was well paid for?

Where Forest Trees Are Needed.

Forests should be preserved, not only about streams and mountains, but over all the cultivated lands. The Government, ever holding the right of eminent domain, should, for the public good, compel by law every land-holder to keep one-fifth (not more or less) of his freehold in the private use of the timber. These lands of forests should be where the soil is stony, broken and poor, and unproductive, and unsuited for culture. Forests should be scientifically cultivated, cutting out only the aged and declining trees, and planting new ones of good quality where there are vacant places. Forests should not be thinned out for grass, or allowed to the pasturage of live stock. Stock should be confined by their owners against trespass, and thus the great use of timber for fencing, avoided. A system of soiling would greatly increase the world's supply of the millions, who, year by year, flock to the cities, many of them starved and wretched. Let us profit by the experience of the world, for in the wake of wasted forests, have followed famine, pestilence, and the death of nations.—Agricultural Times.

New Zealand Frozen Meat.

The South London Fish Market in the New Kent Road presented a more than usually lively appearance, recently, on account of the opening of stores there for the sale of New Zealand mutton. By the aid of portions of the cold-air chambers recently fitted up with powerful machinery by the Market Company for the preservation of fish, carcasses of frozen sheep are gradually thawed, and are not offered for sale until fit for immediate use—the usual objections to frozen meat being by such means entirely removed. During the day twenty-five sheep, in addition to a proportionate amount of English beef, all of prime quality, were disposed of at prices from 2s. to 3s. 6d. per lb., less than ordinary rates. This attempt to supply a section of the community with cheap animal food of the best kind out of the abundance of our colonial production bids fair to be very successful.

Smut In Corn.

Large numbers of cattle die annually in the West from lack of water, when feeding in the corn fields. Dry corn stalks, as compared with grass, are comparatively innocuous, but smutty corn is especially liable to cause impaction of food in the stomach, and disease of the brain. The risk is largely, or entirely obviated if there is a sufficient supply of water; but when the water supply is frozen up, the animal can no longer chew the cud for lack of water in the paunch to separate and float its contents, and impaction and a whole train of evil consequences follow. If water can be supplied so that the cattle can drink at will, it is better; but if not, it should be allowed abundantly, at any cost, twice a day.—Live-Stock Journal.

Call Me a Hog If You Want To.

"Call me a hog if you want to," said Bass, feeling of his lacinated face; "I wish were one. A hog doesn't get shaved until after death." This was in the barber's shop, and the presiding genius of the establishment more than half suspects that he doesn't like Bass over all above.

At the Kindergarten.

"Now, children, what is the name of the meal you eat in the morning?" "Oat-meal," replied a precocious member of the class. "I believe," said Fenderson, "that you take me for a fool." Replied Fogg: "I have been called a skeptic, Fendy, but, bad as I am, I still have respect for every man's belief—including yours, Fendy, including yours." "He stood six feet two in his stockings, and every inch a man," says an exchange. "I'm! That is seventy-four inches; every inch a man" would make seventy-four inches a man. This must be the same identical customer who was a "hog in himself."

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SONG.

As birds soar high In the charmed air, And far from earth's vulgar life, My love to you, My love to you, With such a new, Wings away from me as you, Wings away from me as you, Wings away from me as you, Wings away from me as you.

CUPIDITY AND CRIME.

CHAPTER XXI.—(CONTINUED.)

Cristine had not met him before; but she was so much interested in making her heart flutter with wild ambition when she recalled the too candid admiration with which the big eyed fiddler eyes had rested on the lily-like fairness of her face. Here, was she thought, just the style of beauty to please this swartly Eastern-looking man. Why should she not wear those jewels, the lustre of which seemed to dazzle and impose a certain deference on all who approached them? Why should not she, who, as Cristine Singleton, had made so dismal a failure of her life, shine forth with sudden splendor as the Baroness Benjuda?

True, the man himself must be taken into account. A keen-witted man of the world, rich in social acquaintance and by no means unimpeachable, a little barbaic magnificence being allowed for, he must have occupied many and many a subtly-laid feminine snare to remain a bachelor at forty-five. Such a man would be fastidious in his tastes and exacting in his requirements, a most unlikely person to have crossed the path of a neighbor who had never been in any woman's bonnet overpoweringly strong.

But Cristine's estimate of her own charms was not a low one, and events certainly justified her faith in the present instance. From the moment in which the bold dark eyes rested on her Israel Benjuda was half-amusedly conscious that he was more interested in his quiet neighbor than he had ever been in any woman before. Handsome girls by the dozen, girls with a youthful freshness and downright flesh-and-blood beauty that this one lacked, had made themselves charming to his benefit, and won but coldly critical admiration in return; but Cristine—somehow she possessed a unique charm for him, a certain amount of something that "richly regular line" of the straight Greek features, the satin smoothness of the small blond head, the cold clear fire of the large blue eyes, the slender curves of the long throat and tall figure—above all, the enchanting whiteness of a lily-like skin which was rarely flushed by the faintest reflection of the rose.

She always wore white at these times; it jarred less with the mourning which, much to her vexation, her mother still persistently wore, than any color would have done, and added to the spiritual look that she had tact enough to see was her chief charm in Baron Benjuda's eyes. And her hopes would have taken a higher flight than her faithful persistency with which the slender white-robed figure haunted the Baron's thoughts, and how, in the midst of abstruse calculations and delicately diplomatic arrangements, he found himself idly wondering how his "jo-maiden," as he had learned to call her, would look in more decided tones.

"Say black velvet and diamonds," he mused, leaning his sleek bullet head back against the velvet rest of the chair, letting the cigarette-smoke curl up to the gilded ceiling and carry his floating fancy with it in a luxurious daydream—"or blue, ethereal blue, faint as the chancel's azure of her eyes, and pearls, or pale tea roses—say, say, I will have to vary her, just to try the effect of giving her perfect whiteness a colored setting!" He laughed lazily, enjoying the idea, and yet conscious that it was by no means altogether a joke. The charm that held him was as strong as it was subtle, and he knew in his heart that it was more likely to strengthen than to weaken. Every thing about Cristine, but the poverty she showed, guessed at and the friendliness that was so very apparent, pleased him as well as her face. He liked the tranquil grace of her movements and the slow clear tones of her voice; even the cynicism that she could not wholly repress or banish elaborately pleasant talk, the gentle-hinted disbelief in human unselfishness, the shocked and frightened Miss Singleton's admirers more than once, had a curious charm for him.

"I am, as my wife should be—'I am,' he would say to himself and his cigarette, with his little oily laugh. "I did not think that fate would overtake me in this fashion; but we shall see." But though he had thoroughly scrutinized the look of Cristine as his wife, the words that would make her his were still unspoken when Mrs. Bruce, in obedience to her daughter, announced that they must return to England.

The p-o woman watched the dark face anxiously to see the effect of her words, and was at first rather disappointed that the Baron merely stroked his heavy black mustache complacently. "That is too charming," he said, with a smile that showed the big white glittering teeth to full advantage, "because I can then offer you and Miss Singleton my escort. I, too, return to England next week."

Cristine was indeed delighted with the news her mother brought, and with her traveling companion. Never had she been more full of charm and grace than during that homeward journey. Hope lighted the blue eyes with a strange new fire, and even faintly tinged the perfectly curved cheek. At last all things were to be well with her, she thought. She was to be lifted from the dire poverty she loathed into the luxurious regions of abundance and wealth.

The elder woman indeed felt that things were growing desperate with them, that unless "something happened" soon she must, for pecuniary reasons, make a stand against her determined daughter. The lodgings they had taken were, in de-

ference to the grandeur of their escort, far beyond their modest means; and poor Mrs. Bruce rarely closed her eyes without dreaming of the poor house, and seeing herself arrayed in the quaintly unbecoming costume of an elderly female pauper out for the day.

The light grew fainter in the dingy expansive room, and Cristine looked up impatiently from her task of embroidering white beads upon a white silk bodice, to be worn that night.

"Pray light the lamp, mother, or I shall never finish this." Mrs. Bruce rose with a sigh, and the mournful reflection that oil was so much a pain, and there was still a clear hour of daylight, if only Cristine would move a little nearer the window.

"Why, how you sigh, mother! One would think I had set you some Hercules' labor task."

"Oh, it is not the task! I was thinking of money."

"Do you ever think of anything else? Cristine a-k-d, turning round the glittering garment that flashed back a thousand reflections of the rose lamplight and examining it with keenly critical eyes.

"What can I think of but that which is all-important! Cristine, do you know how low our funds really are? If Vance does not write or come—"

"Heaven forbid that he should come just now!" Cristine said fervently.

"Why?—Mrs. Bruce's tone was very indignant. "You are not ashamed of your brother, I hope?"

Cristine shrugged her shoulders. "He is good-looking enough, and his manners are, or were, decent; but I do not think I should care to present him to the Baron."

"This was touching Mrs. Bruce upon her tenderest point. Her dark face flushed angrily.

"That fat old Jew!" she cried, with impulsive scorn. "You cannot name him and my handsome Vance together!"

"Certainly not," Cristine said coolly, in no wise offended by the disparaging allusion to her suitor. "Naturally I accord them very different places in my esteem, and the fat old Jew, as you politely call him, is a man of excellent taste who admires and intends to marry me, Vance an unnatural brother who virtually casts me off—the Baron a millionaire, Vance a professional—what shall I say?—"

"At least, we know that he is not only earning an honest living, but helps to provide for us!" Mrs. Bruce cried severely.

"He is earning a living—whether honest or not he best knows himself, said the affectionate sister, with a sceptical laugh. "Vance was not over-very provided for the battle of life, and I would rather not have him as my suitor until he has made his money and is a free man."

"My sweet queen," he cried, with whirling admiration, as she threw back the honey whiteness of her furr wrap and took her place in the front of the box, "you are perfect to-night!"

The frosty blue eyes smiled up into the ardent blackness of those bent upon her, and Cristine knew that the struggle was over and the battle won. Whatever her position in the man's nature had arrayed itself against her was vanquished now; he would speak to-night.

She listened no more to the soft and dreamy melodies that ushered in the new piece—her mother, whose seat fronted and whose bonnet swept the stage, might concentrate her whole attention there; she had other and more important cares on hand. She did not even turn when the curtain rose and the echo of well-bred softly-tuned voices floated into the box, for mingling with them was the Baron's deeper tone, and it said—

"Cristine, you and I have tastes in common. You are the prettiest woman I have ever seen! You are my idea of a companion in every way. I am older than you, but I am rich, and—and—What the deuce is it!"

He turned round angrily, for Mrs. Bruce, with a face from which all the florid hues had suddenly vanished, had risen to her feet, and with eyes that seemed half starting from her head with wonder, was excitedly calling to Cristine to "Look, look!"

Naturally then, Baron "looked" himself in the direction of the stage to which she pointed, and, seeing there nothing more remarkable than the common stage-picture of a handsome young man leaning against a piano and making dreamy and poetic love to a slim girl, who played, or feigned to play, the violin, he felt himself decidedly aggrieved in that his own more practical wooing had been interrupted to such small purpose.

"What an excitable old idiot she must be to take her amusements in this fashion!" he thought crossly. "I do not know that I quite care for a mad mother-in-law, even as an accompaniment to my incomparable Cristine."

But, as his gaze rested on the excited woman, he doubted her insanity no longer, though she was certainly making his box unpleasantly conspicuous still. Her hand clasped Cristine's wrist, and, as she forced the reluctant girl to bend forward, and the fuller light fell across the pale perfect face, he read in the clear cold eyes quick recognition, anger and disgust.

"It is Vance!" the woman cried eagerly. "Cristine, do you not know him! It is Vance!"

If a look would kill, Mrs. Bruce would have fallen dead at her daughter's feet. The Baron leaped back in his cushioned seat, and, looking from under his heavy

half closed lids at the excited pair, asked, in his suavest tones— "Pray do not shut me out from this small comedy of recognitions. Pray tell me who is 'Vance!'"

CHAPTER XXII.

Mrs. Bruce's eyes were on the stage, Cristine's on the floor. She raised them suddenly, and said, with her little frosty laugh—

"Truth is best, I suppose, even when one is not proud of it, as now. 'Vance,' or 'Mr. Sidney Vansittart,' as I see he chooses to be called here,—touching contemptuously the perfumed programme on her lap—"is a relative of ours."

"For shame, Cristine!" Mrs. Bruce turned round quickly, getting all the interest she could in her impulsive indignation. "Why do you not say at once, and honestly, that Vance is your own brother?"

Cristine's heart grew cold within her. So sharp and cruel was her disappointment that there was hardly room for anger in her thoughts. By-and-by she would remember that her mother had made shipwreck of her hopes in the very hour of their fulfillment, and take vengeance for her wrongs; but now she could only feel that the battle she had all but won was lost indeed.

She sat, with down-bent head, idly gazing at the costly exotics—the Baron's gift—that were clasped with an unconscious force in her slender fingers. They were all against her, she thought, mother and brother now, as Nora and her step-father had been in the old days. True, she had always fought for her own hand, and never heeded them; but that made her none the less sensitive to their cruelty.

Israel Benjuda watched the fair flower-wreathed head for a few moments, with keen comprehension of the girl's feelings, and an intense satisfaction in the fact that she did feel.

"She deserves a little punishment for trying to deceive me," he chuckled; and then he bent forward, and the big, warm, white-gloved hand closed on the small fingers, and the thin curved lips trembled, as he raised Cristine from the depths of despair to a very pinnacle of rapture, even before he bent his sleek black head till the glossy moustache swept her soft cheek, and whispered in her ear, "Cristine, will you marry me?"

Actually the pale face bore a rosy tinge. The large bright eyes were dim with joy, and the thin curved lips trembled, as the girl whispered her fervent low-toned "Yes! Despair had been so bitter, the change to hope fulfilled was overpoweringly sweet.

For the moment she felt quite sentimental about this broad shouldered over-confident lover of hers, who could make life so wonderfully smooth and pleasant to her—felt inclined to scold the man and his possessors. "Imagine herself as honestly fond of Vance, Benjuda himself as she was."

"Good things he could assure her with the stroke of his pen. The look of the tear-wet eyes was so genuinely tender and grateful that it thrilled the Baron's battered old heart in the oddest fashion. He had counted on acceptance; it was too absurd to suppose that a fortune such as his would be laid at the feet of a penniless girl in vain. But affection was quite another thing. As a shrewd business man, he had by no means counted on that. Moreover, he had not hitherto believed that there was much feminine softness in Cristine's gleaming nature. The exterior chill that charmed him seemed but a symbol of the frozen calm within. But now—now all his theories were pleasantly upset, and he was conscious, half-amusedly, that a responsive tenderness lighted his own eyes and trembled in his own voice.

"Why, you foolish child," he said, laughing, and drawing a little nearer to her, a proud proprietor, air that was like the seal of their betrothal, "you did not surely think I should draw back for that?"

He pointed with a contemptuous gesture to the stage, on which Mrs. Bruce's gaze was still riveted; for was not Vance still the central figure of the scene? "Cristine, you must not be so nervous. It is hardly a delicate one perhaps; but she was not by any means sensitive, and she was delightfully sure of her ground now.

"I thought perhaps you might not like it," she said, with a demure droop of the white eyelids; "and that fear made me—"

"Fib about it!" he finished, with an easy laugh. "Don't do that again. I do not care a fig for your relatives, their occupations, tastes, and so on—my wife can hold her own against the world—but I do care that you should be quite fair and above-board with me."

It was not at all the sort of speech Cristine had expected; and, while it calmed her fears in one respect, it ironed them unpleasantly in another. The Baron was prepared to forgive anything unpleasant in her connections, but not apparently any delinquency of her own.

Recalling a page or two of her past history, she felt anything but comfortable as she smiled sweetly into her lover's face and—

"I have a smooth ascent to his proposition, but the shadow of a sinister spectre of her step-sister would not frighten this most practical of men; but her own published treachery to the dead girl might—nay, would—revolt him—she was sure of that.

While she sat biting her lips and chewing the cud of very bitter reflections, the Baron looked at her with a keen interest. For fully five minutes he kept his glasses levelled at the unconscious Vance; and, when he dropped them, it was to turn to Mrs. Bruce with his most beaming smile.

"My dear lady, I congratulate you on your son's debut, and venture to predict for him a most distinguished success."

Mrs. Bruce turned her eyes widely. Was the man joking with her? She wondered. Ever since she had made her impulsive revelation she had sat in mortal fear of Cristine, not daring to look in her daughter's direction, and trembling to think of the punishment that awaited her when they two should be alone.

But the Baron evidently took the matter with pleasant lightness, perhaps because he had given up all serious thoughts of Cristine. With this fear, and the remembrance of all the foolish expenditure into which she had been dragged, quickening her pulses, the poor lady looked listlessly into her neighbor's face, and read there something that gave her a little hope.

"Congratulations!" she said a little dub-

iously. "Yes, the people seem to like him do they not? But you—do you not think it rather—low?"

The last word dropped in an affrighted whisper, too faint to reach Cristine's ears, even had she not been absorbed in her own thoughts.

"Low?" The Baron shrugged his shoulders with something of Gallic grace. "My dear lady, you are behind the age. To go upon the stage is now the most chic thing in the world. It is far more popular than the Army, or either of the learned professions, from both of which its ranks are daily recruited. Our handsome young friend here, if he only goes on as he has begun, will in a few weeks be the idol of London society, the most sought-after man of his day."

The mother's heart swelled with pride as she drank in every word of the neat little oration that the Baron delivered in his easy and assured fashion.

"I hope Cristine hears," she thought, with an anxious look at her unmoved daughter. "She was always so unjust to Vance, my clever, handsome boy!"

When the curtain fell at the end of the first act, the Baron announced his intention of going behind the scenes for a little while. Cristine looked up with sudden terror, but said never a word.

"Shall I tell you that you are here, or leave him to make the discovery?" he asked at the door—and the words gave Cristine a gleam of hope.

"Oh, let him find us out!" she cried, with suspicious eagerness; while Mrs. Bruce, for whom the theatre held but the one performer, said with some surprise—

"But will they let you in? You do not know Vance."

Benjuda smiled, genially tolerant of the ignorance she displayed.

"Yes, they will let me in. The author of the drama if my very good friend, and may perhaps be persuaded to introduce me to Mr. Sidney Vansittart, whom later I shall know as your son Vance. Au revoir!"

As the door closed upon the large imposing presence, Mrs. Bruce leaned back in her chair and fanned herself complacently, feeling that all things were tending to a pleasant end, and that she was a very skillful strategist.

"Now, Cristine, do you think your brother will disgrace you?"

"Yes," was the sullen and unexpected answer that shattered Mrs. Bruce's hopes of peace and pleasantness, and filled her with new vague fears.

"You are talking nonsense, and you know it," she said crossly, though all the while her heart fluttered uneasily beneath the well brushed velvet and well darned lace with which she had adorned herself.

"You must have heard the Baron's praise of Vance and the splendid future he prophesied for him. If, after that, he does not ask you to marry him, it will not be because you has come between you; it will be—"

"Spare yourself the trouble of inventing reasons," Cristine interrupted, with cold scorn. "Baron Benjuda has asked me to-night."

"Cristine," the mother cried, in tones of joyous incredulity, "my dear, dear child, fortune is too good to me to-night!"

"So you thought once before, mother."

"When Mrs. Bruce said, with a happy smile, "When Nora was engaged to Lord de Gretton."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

That Easy Chair.

A few evenings ago a furniture delivery wagon was driven up in front of a prominent Newport man's residence, and the driver, taking a fine, large, softly cushioned easy chair from it to the front door, rang the bell. The mistress of the premises, happening near, opened the door.

"Are you Mrs. Stayup?" asked the man.

"I am," she responded.

"Well, here's a cheer for you."

"An easy chair! Why, I never ordered it from anyone."

"No, but your husband did."

"He did? What! I never told him to get one. There must be some mistake about it. Why, what did he say?"

"Well, I only heard him tell the boys that he often got home purty late and that you always got up for him without sleepin' any; and you had no easy cheer, and he thought mobby if you had a right soft, easy one like this you'd go to sleep in it, and he could slip up-stairs and crawl in bed without wakin' you."

"Ah, that's his scheme, is it? Well, you just take that chair right back again; and when he comes home to-night, if it's to-morrow morning, I'll be there as usual, on my same old chair, and I'll teach him how to injure my character before the public." Then she slammed the door.

His Dead Child.

The other day a New Orleans man had occasion to go over the lake. On his way back, and when the train stopped at the bay, he noticed a man getting into the car in front of him with a little baby in his arms. After the train had got under way the conductor came and said: "Come with me; I want to show you the saddest, strangest sight you ever saw," and he led the way into the next car. There sat the man whom he had noticed with the babe; his precious little bundle lay quiet on the seat in front of him, and as these other two men watched he leaned over and looked long and earnestly in the little face, and then kissed the frail finger tips he held so gently in his hand. "That baby's dead," said the conductor. "It died this morning at the bay. He couldn't bear to put it in a coffin, because then it would have to go without him in the baggage-car, and so he is just carrying it home to New Orleans in his arms."

Stricken to the heart's core he sat there quiet and unheeding, watching over his dead child, kissing the fingers that would never again softly clasp his looking down upon the white lids that had closed over the bright eyes as the petals of a sensitive flower close at night-time over its delicate heart, and the world was nothing to him.

"He stood six feet two in his stockings, and every inch a man," says an exchange. "I'm! That is seventy-four inches; every inch a man" would make seventy-four inches a man. This must be the same identical customer who was a "hog in himself."

"Congratulations!" she said a little dub-

ALPHONSENSE.

Quick at figures—The dancing master. A sole-stirring article—a pig inside the boot. Sound investment—Purchasing a pianoforte. The multiplication table—The registry of births. Cardamon seeds cannot stiffen the breath of a slander. A hitch in the proceedings—Stopping to tie your horse. Nothing goes against the grain worse than a reaping machine. Jumping at a conclusion—The leap year proposal of a merry maiden. What shoemaker is it that who makes shoes without leather?—The farrier. The left hooking a young man can have its good backbone of its own. The man who knows a thing or two has always three or four other things to learn. The latest specimen of a Nihilist—Sir Stafford Northcote lecturing on "Nothing."

When you give a counterfeit coin on the sidewalk always pick it up, you are liable to arrest if you try to pass it. A chicken in Pennsylvania recently gave a man a blow which resulted fatally. This is the worst case of hen-pecking on record. Too much study is said to affect the mind. A teacher says he knows a number of cases where it would affect it very favorably, too. There is a rumor from Germany that a learned chemist has discovered a wonderful oil that will restore youth to old age. It must be a species of olive oil. Quack and dupo are upper side and under side of the self-same substance. Turn up your dupo into the proper fastening element and he himself can become a quack. The following is a literal transcript of a sign on a Pennsylvania village store: "Lex and Tators, Sugar and Shingles, Brickdust and Lasses, Whisky, Tar and other Drugs."

You will observe this, the devil never offers to get into partnership with a bizzzy man, but you will often see him offer to join the lazy, and furnish all the capital besides.—Josh Billings.

"Mamma, where's papa gone to?" asked a little girl one day. "He's gone up town to earn more bread and butter for you, my darling," said her mother. "I wish he would sometimes earn buns," sighed the child.

"What influence has the moon upon the tide?" asked the professor. The class who replied that he didn't know exactly what influence it had upon the tide, but that it had a tendency to make the untied awful spooey.

"If there is anything I love, it's roast goose," remarked Fenderson, as he passed up his plate for a second helping. "It does you credit," said Fogg; "there is nothing so beautiful as affection among members of a family."

Precocious Youth.

The oldest people are all astonished at the precocity of the present "rising generation," or at least at many of the precocious members of it. The "boy of the period" is such a boy as was seldom to be found fifty years ago. The prospect is growing somewhat serious as to the "fast" ideas of many of our young gentlemen of today. A few weeks ago in a New York school a boy threatened with the birch showed how well prepared he was for self-defense by drawing a revolver from his pocket. It was found on a subsequent examination that seven boys at the time in the school room was each of them in possession of a similar pocket piece. The result of such a familiarity with deadly weapons, both for defense and offense, can be well enough imagined. One of the New York papers intimates that in a great many of the other schools in that city and throughout the country school boys might any day be found the possessors of pistols, cards, cigars, tobacco, dime novels, and other similar things that too many men are the constant possessors of. All these things portend to evil. It will be a bad harvest that should be reaped from such a sowing.

Probably there are not nearly so bad specimens of the boys in Canada, but there are some indications sufficiently suggestive. Who does not see boys of tender years, on their way to school with cigars or pipes in their mouths, and often with the most sensational blood-and-thunder dime novels in their possession? Who does not involuntarily shudder at such debating societies? Who does not see closing our eyes to them. Our churches may put on extra decorations or add extra "stars" to their choirs, or increasingly attractive men to their pulpits, who can put to route all the sceptical theories of our times, but it will require some other system of containing with evil to meet these cases of demoralization. The boy who sees his father or some other dignitary of the church pass down the street immediately behind a pipe or a cigar can hardly be blamed for doing exactly the same thing. Every boy aspires to be "manly," and men must realize the responsibility of their example. Truth does not often hear a matter like this squarely grappled with in the pulpits, though a great deal appears there. The family newspaper appears to be growing more and more full of such things. "There is a demand for it," says the publisher, and so it is supplied. "That Bad Boy" and other similar debating things of the "Spoonpenny" class are being found in public schools and elsewhere.

Whenever there is a "demand" that such things must stop they will seldom stop; but not until then. Those seeking moral reform of the people are sorely caught napping if they do not see the pain of tendency of all this class literature. Those who do not see these things and yet make it their business to be "Watchmen," are surely very inefficient ones. They fail to see the evil coming when it is growing and flourishing in their very presence.

Little do the young and vigorous know how the old appreciate those delicate attentions which they so often use in the journey of life, and which it costs so little to bestow, how it cheers their hearts and lifts them up with a delightful thankfulness!

The only thing that equals the spontaneity with which the country possessors a monument to the unanimous cordiality which is not built.

"Ah!" sighed Brown, "this life is full of disappointments." "Yes," replied Fogg, glancing significantly at Mrs. F., "and some disappointments are full of life."